ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND. [Copyright, 18-8, ny Adam Sudean.] XXXIII. The Louden Sens

The season depends upon Parliament, and Parliament depends upon sport. The fashionable world is composed very targely of those connected with either the House of Lords or the House of Commons; and when Parliament meets, their families come up to town. For the obility live in the country; their homes are on their estates, and their town houses are only for sojourn when they happen to be in London. The great world does not begins its whiri till politics summons the important members to transact the business of the nation. In Febru-arr, usually in the second week, after the best of the hunting is over, the Queen—that is, the Prime Minister, calls her fords and gentlemen

tegether. Then the fashionable season begins.
The recope connected with the Government. the diplomatic corps, those of the gentry who have no large estates, the lawyers and literary people and others who live by their exertions. all these are in town for the most part from November, with an interval of a fortnight at Christmas. They make a very pleasant and intimate society among themselves; small but accessible, and often much more delightful than the pompous and pretentious circle that

comes only with Parliament.
From February till Easter is another pleasant period. London is not yet crowded. Many milles do not leave the country so soon. The rush has not begun. There are yet no court balls or concerts, and the veterans make point of attending the levees and drawing rooms at this time, so as to avoid the mobs that growd to court later on. The ante-paschal season is perhaps the most agreeable part of the London year. There are few dances in Lent and not so many of the formal receptions which nebody wants to attend and yet everybody attends. There are incessant dinners, but many of them are small; there are occasional theatre parties, and numerous 5 o'clock teas.

But just as people bogin to get used to each other, and farl into the habit of meeting two or three times a week those whom they really want to see. Easter intervenes. Parliament is adjourned, and everybody who has a house in the country goes to it. Large country-house parties are made, and the world of politics and fashion deserts London. Those who have neither country-houses nor country invitations would be lonely in town, and they run off to the Continent for a fortnight, or to Brighton, or some other resort of forlern, homoless, fashionable was lovers.

After Laster the full tide sets in. Everybody is up. The great houses are all open; the Park is full in the afternoon; the Row is crowded every morning with a thousand horsewomen the flasst in the world, and the English women look better in the saddle than anywhere else, Luncheous are frequent, dinners innumerable. Forty people often sit at one sumptuous board, and the overflow sometimes reaches to sidecontend for these cosey corners, when they can those their partners. Balls now begin, to the serrow of unfertunate chaperones, and the de-light of the debutantes. The Queen's drawing discussed. Theatres and operas are aban-dened by people of fashion, for you cannot

dened by people of fashion, for you cannot dine at So'clock and go to the play the same alght; while the opera has, for years, been given up to those who like music and to strangers, and others who fancy it is still the mode because it was as half a century ago.

But the whiriling lasts only four or five weeks when Whitsuntide comes; and then another recess, and more than half the word filts again to the country, which by this time is enchanting. I used at first to find these constant interruptions to the round of society very provoking; just as one got in the swim there was a gale or a dike, and a hait; but after some years I liked the fashion too. The lilacs and the aburnums, the hawthorn and the gorse, are all is their glory about Whitsuntide, and those who have ever seen the respiculent beauty of he flowering trees and means of England, or learly the bale kind and the thrush, in May or early June—they know the exquisite charm of sound and color and fragrance that permeates the handscaps, the refreshment of brain and some that comes with the bainy atmosphere of this soft and gracious time.

There are not so many large parties to the country at Whitsuntide as at Easter. The recess is shorter, and those who go down to their etties sometimes go for the sake of seeing

ntry at Whitsundide as at Easter. The re-sis shorter, and those who go down to their ites sometimes go for the sake of seeing m in their vernal garment of tender green variegated borders, or to rest before the at plunge into fashion and pleasure after ir return. back usually late in May. It is now

You come back usually late in May. It is now the height of the season. The countr, is never so attractive in its love inces, but many of the owners of great estates assured me they had never seen their homes in June. They possess great gardens, rosaries, in which no isnd can rival England, lawns and pastures and groves and glades delicious in verdure beyond those of any country on earth; but since childhood these slaves of the world have never known what it was to look on their own land-scares and enjoy the principal beauty of their scap s and enjoy the principal beauty of their own properties at the season when their natural

sapes and enjoy the principal beauty of their own properties at the season when their natural glories culminate. You must be in town in June if you are in the world.

You must go to late dinners and later balls. You must be cathe the hot atmosphere of Parliamont, and the still more stilling air at court; you must be clad in the still garments that etiquette prescribes for every hour; you must devote yourself to a round of visits and enter-tamments which would be most acceptable in dreary winter, but now distract you from delights that are rare in England because of the climate. At this moment, when the climate had the country are alike Saturnian, you for-sake the country and come up to town. For so fashion decreas. Or rather so the sportsmen determine; the men will not abandon their gans and their game in the autumn and winter, and this leaves only the spring and summer for town. And in England society, like wentything eise, is ruled by the men; the women only exist to give them pleasure and do them service; to marry them, to rear their shidren, to preside over their homes, to decorate their entertainments. What the men want a ways done, and the women submit, as a matter of course.

But since they must be in town in summer,

shidren, to precide over their homes, to deconsist their entertainments. What the men want is always done, and the women submit, as a matter of course.

But since they must be in town in summer, the English make the best of the necessity. Half their amusements are out of doors. First there is the Derby day, about the last of May or the first of June. Some years this is the lastice, sometimes not: but Parliament always adjourns for the race, and the people who strain the streets leading to Econom hang carriers over their balconies and invite their friends to look at the returning crowd. On the ith of June there is Commencement at Eton and about race by the boys, to which swarms of smart people 22 down.

Then there are cricket matches between the Lords and the Commons, between Oxford and Cambridge, between Eton and Harrow. These are held at a bleasure ground called "Lords," is the outskirts of London, and are very high fashion, indeed. The great folk sond their largest carriages down the night before, and the indisours is lined three rows deep. Next day they drive down in landaus, broughams. But viet rias, and mount the drags or conches is their rayest gowns and highest beavers to watch the game. They inneh in the carriages, and get back in time for dinner.

Above all, now is the time for garden parties. Chiswest is a doightful soad of the Duke of Devonshire on the bouks of the Thames, which to me pears he leads to the Prince of Wales on condition that His Highness gives two great brakkasta a season. The parties at Strawberry Hid are historical as well as those at Sion Homes, the land had the part of the parks of the Duke of Aerthamberland, and the Downer Duchess of Cleveland. The nearest of these is ten miles from Landon, but people think nothing of driving out and back the ween muchoon and dinner. Chest for the states of the parks of the puke of Aryll, the Eart of Airite, and Lady Burkettouts, and mobiles of all Holland Home, with its menories more stately even than its architecture, and more unfading than its ease carden narties are unique in effect overheas. The women wear costumes of invitest fabrics and most delicate colors, remaining the fabrics and most delicate colors, remaining the fabric the same and trees and gardens as the most charming background; there marquees and music, carpets spread here there on the grass; sometimes an archery who if an out door play, sometimes I when Junch July under the blossoms for the children, a scene is worthy of Watteau's daintiest cit.

The scene is worthy of Waiteau's daintiest beach. In the midst of all this comes Ascot week, then these when have invitations whiri down to the races which royalty attends in state. This makes another full in the gaver, but only a luit for it is new July and every one has too much to do. There are the court baits and shacrts: an Emporer or a Snah, or a Car is agre to arrive whom some very great personage mist entertain, and everybody must go to see him or say they have dene so. Politics are at fever had. Some important question is to be al. Some innortant question is to be or settled in Parliament, and the world the flows of Lords for a night. Distinction and are popular at this period. True down in morning dress and boat thanes or eit on the Tornee and look marvellous landscape which Turner

painted, but could not rivel. They dise at the Star and Garter Ina. and Grive back through the delicious glades of Elehmond Park in the clong twillicits, or the moonlight, or perhaps under a shower that touchea every leaf with a more glistenias green, yet hardly harms the most fragile sarment of the gayest noble dame.

Wimbedon is the last of the feca champetree. All the world goes to see the shooting of the Volunteers, and the lucky ones stop at one or two of the charming retreats that still linger along the road, hidden from the passerby, who never asspects the exquisite charms of woodland and dell so near and yet concealed. But the Lords, and the Commons, too, begin to get restive as August approaches, for on the 12th grouss shooting begins. Arrangements are made for Scotland and the north: those who are ordered to Carisbad or Kissingen for their sins or their amusement, make ready to start. A few familiar faves are already missed, liere and there a great house is closed. There are not so many carriages in the Ring, not so many riders in the Row. Of a Sunday afternoon there are fewer light gowns on the seats in Hyde Park. The debates are more languid. The Minister annunces what measures he must abandon for lack of time, and this "Massacre of the Innocents," as it is called, is a sure precursor of the end. Usually by the sacred 12th all is over, and if by some strange fatality the Houses have yet not been prorogued, the world is gone, streets and halls are deserted, the gay and the great are scattered over mountain and moor, in Switzerland or the Highlands, shooting or drinking the waters, or resting for their autumnal labors. The London season is at an end.

ADAM BADEAU.

THE APACHE CAMPAIGN. New Methods Introduced by Gor

Miles-Views of Gen. Crook as to What to Possible in Indian Warfare. WASHINGTON, May 26 .- There is a doubl interest in the campaign now carried on by Gen. Miles along the Southwestern frontier The main interest, of course, is that of pro tecting the people and ridding the region of Geronimo and his band of miscreants. But incidental to this is much curiosity to know how far the new operations begun by the present department commander will sustain by their results the views so strongly held by his predecessor, the veteran Indian fighter.

The chief point of difference in the methods of the two officers, as thus far indicated, is as to the degree of reliance to be placed on Indian trailers. With Gen. Crook this reliance is almost absolute. He does not besitate to say that without friendly Indians to do the main part of the work against hostile Indians, campaigning on the Arizona frontier would be useless, and that, except in commanding the Indian scouts, the part played by the regular troops is subordinate. This decided ground is disputed by some officers, and apparently is not the one on which the present operations of Gen. Miles are conducted. That the views, nowever, of Gen. Crook have not been overstated will ap-pear from these extracts of his utterances at Fort Bowle, just before leaving, as given to a representative of the Los Angeles Times:

For white soldiers to whip the Chiricahuas in the For white soldlers to whip the Chiricahuas in their own hannes would be impossible. The commuss country which they range is the roughest in America, and probably in the word. It is almost attery bars in anything apon which a white man could exist; but it supplies everything the Indians need to printing life indefinitely. There is no end of the mescal paint everywhere in friend territory; and if there were nothing view whatever, the Aparlie would nive very confortably on the varied products of that wonderfu plant. He has no property which he cannot carry along in he swiftest marches, no home to be at the merry of his enemies. He rows about the the at the merry of his enemies. He rows about the the words as an enemial more and more classes. He failures her of food, and of water that would kill the haddest white mountaineer. By the generalship which her place is a survey of the survey of the product here of the other hours of the places of the product here says the solding as always to be the purveices and unless we can surprise them, the odds are all in their favor.

The policy begun by Gen. Miles, on the other hand, looks to a far greater employment of whits troops. In an order which he has issued the whole region is distributed into patrolling districts, and signal detachments are placed on the highest peaks to communicate between the different camps both the movements of the troops and the hostiles. It is true that the order declares that "a sufficient number of reliable Indians will be retained for trailers," but it is added that for constant hunting through the mountains and occupying passes, infactry will be used, while the cavairy are to be employed for the light scouting, with large reserves ready for a sudden call to hot pursuit.

ploved for the light scouting, with large reserves ready for a sudden call to hot pursuit.

To overcome the hostile atvantage in relay horses commanders will desmount half their men, and send their lightest and best related in purchased in their and their significant and the send to country favorable for cavalry, and horses will be trained for the purpose.

It is clear that the two ways of looking at the problem are different, and it is impossible to say in advance which will prove the more fruitful in results. It has lately been asserted that during the disarming of a part of Crook's scouts, in pursuance of the pian of less reliance on them, it was found that they had great quantities of accumulated ammunition. Gen. Crook has often been criticised for employing against Geronimo members of the same tribe. In the interview already referred to he stated very fully the reasons for this course. One of them is that nothing leads so directly to tribal disintegration, which is one of the foremost objects aimed at. But a more urgent reason is the superiority of these particular Indians:

"As to the Angele scouts, they are indispensable. We could have made no progress without them. I first be-Objects a fixed at. But a more urgent reason is the superiority of these particular Indians:

"As to the Apache scouts, they are indispensable. We could have made no progress without them. I first began using item in 1872, and have used them ever since. Nothing mas ever been accomplished without their help. Have they acid in good for it? We there every assurance that they have. It is nonsense to thick white traiters could have done the wors. These white mountainers how against the Apache assurance that they have. It is nonsense to thick white traiters could have done the wors. These white mountainers how against the Apache assures but how does it happen that the first short was part of the proper that the superior was a sense to the progress of the proper that the superior was a sense in a first short of the contest the large in the progress of the proper that the superior was a sense. There is a reason for their employment, a good many people think that an indien soul is an indian storal in an indian storal indian storal

There have been rumers that some of Crook's old soouts had reaflored Geronline; but these have not been traced to any authentic source. The whole problem of the best methods of campaigning against Indians is now to be brought to a test. It has just been reported that the troops have succeeded in starting the Indians northward, and will get them into a country where the remainder of the forces can aid in operations. It must still, however, remain somewhat doubtful whether this is not a voluntry change on the part of the hosties, for which the frontier settlements will have to pay dearly. The main desire is that by some means, whether red trailers or white troops, the murderous band may be annihilated.

White Hands.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

White hands are coming in fashion again, laws tenus, boating and all the masculus accomplishments toxing for a time in the masculus accomplishments toxing for a time in the masculus accomplishments toxing for a time in the masculus account to redden their hands. The properties of the form one that a time is the form of the daughters of fashion now have dishered bull water, shaped here a flower leaf, on their time it tables, in which they steep their hands for a winder for some to hed then among them made you are for the proposition of cod cream. These gloves should be of washleather, and several sizes too arise for the hand. In the morning wash the hands with almost powder in water, and in hot water at that, afterward dipping them for a moment is coid water to prevent chapping. Then run them-from the finger tipe back to the wrist. If a manicure is not brought in for the missis an ivery instrument about the used for the pushing back of the sain from the root of the missis and each missis are very instrument about the missis and each missis are very instrument when the proof of the missis and each missis are very instrument when the proof of the missis and each missis are very instrument when the sain from the root of the missis and each missis are very instrument when the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis are the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis are the missis and the missis and the missis are the missis are the missis are the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis are the missis and the missis are From the Louisville Courter Journal

LIPRLY YIMES AND BOY SALK IN GRURGIA.

n Unprecedented Canvass -- What Major Bacon's Privade Say About Gen. Gordon. ATLANTA, May 26 .- The State of Georgia has been worked up to fever heat in the last ten days. Gen. John B. Gordon, who resigned his seat in the United States Senate so suddenly and unexpectedly six years ago, has become possessed with a desire, equally sudden, to re-Davis was expected in Georgia the General left discourse to be delivered at Montgomery. A copy of this speech proceded him to Georgia. and was being generally read in private circles before his arrival in Atlanta. The impropriety of such a proceeding did not, probably, strike Gen. Gordon. He flashed upon Atlanta next day, informed a committee of citizens that he had made a sudden fortune in New York by selling a Florida railroad to some Northern capitalists, and he was now a candidate for Jovernor, and would so announce himself when

Mr. Davis arrived in Atlanta. In the mean time two other candidates for Governor were pursing their aspirations, to keep them warm and thriving. Gen. Gordon's advent, as he whirled through the State to clutch at Mr. Davis's boom, induced the weaker of his two rivals to withdraw. When Gen. Gordon returned to Atlanta in the Davis pageant he found he had only one opponent, namely, Major Bacon of Bibb county.

The General is offervescent, if he is anything. It was amusing to see him rise and bow whenever the crowd honored Mr. Davis with cheers. He was evidently possessed with the idea that he and the late President of the Confederacy were truly one, and whatever honors were given Mr. Davis rightfully belonged to him

were truly one, and whatever honors were given Mr. Davis rightfully belonged to him also. The first check he received was when Senator Hill's widow failed to invite him to dinner with Mr. Davis. He reseated it so deepity that he attacked dead Ben Hill with virulence in the second speech he made in his present campaigning tour over the State.

For two days his solicitude to be noticed was painful. Before the benediction was pronounced at the unveiling of Hill's statue, which had drawn Mr. Davis to Atlanta Gen. Gordon had risen to make some sort of a campaign speech in his own behalf, but a friend quietly possessed himself of the General's coattails, and kept him as nearly down to his chair as was possible with so anxious a person. He left the stand and hurried to the Kimbali House. There a crowd of citizons, incited by the General's proffers and offers, were gathered, calling aloud for "Gordon! Gordon!" In he rushed and mounted a settee in the rotunda, but an indignant voice overhead called him to order, and so violently attacked the preconcered movement of Gordon and his friends as to squeich out the General's declaration of his candidacy for that time.

Gordon followed Mr. Davis to Savannah, but somehow he could not catch an opportune moment to announce himself. At last his impatience overcame his judgment, and he telegraphed to Atlanta that he was certainly in the field and no mistake.

Then the "solder racket" began. The drum and fife did extra duty. The General started out to fight the world, the flesh, and Major Bacon with all the hurrah that his organs could give him.

Bacon with all the hurrali that his organs could give him.

But there was something more to meet than Major Bacon's opposition. He had hardly left Atlanta before the Bacon newspapers began to dissuss the old matter of Gordon's resignation from the Sensie, recalling to the General's notice the many and conflicting statements made in 1880 by the parties who were seeking to cover up his real motive in giving up his seat to Gov. Brown.

The excitement increased every day. Chargo after charge was made. C. P. Huntington's In-

to Gov. Brown.

The excitement increased every day. Chargo after charge was made. C. P. Huntington's famous letters to Colton, in which he disclosed the intimacy between himself and Gen. Gordon, are now being republished fast and furiously. His connection with the convict loase has been ventilated in the papers and on the atump by Major Bacon. But the latest excitement, the sensation of the hour, is a story of his resignation giving Senator Brown the seat, which is told about in this way.

It appears that in 1980 Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cyrus W. Field made a tolitical combination looking toward the Presidential nominations of that year. It is said that Mr. Blaine was willing to play the Mugwump game on Grant if the latter should control the Republican Convention; and Cyrus W. Field was likewise willing to Mugwump to Tilden if the latter should again be nominated for the Presidency. An alliance offensive and defensive was formed, and a big campaign fund collected.

In casting an eye over the field Mr. Blaine discovered that he had a precious small following in Georgia. Gen. Grant was the overwhelming choice of the nearces and the non-officeholding element in the Republican party, Mr. Sherman, then Secretary of the Treasury, had every Federal officeholder in his grusp. Blaine was nowhere. He saw, however, a noslibility in the distance. Senator Brown had long desired a seat in the United States Senate. He made a race as a rampant radical in 1869, but nobody voted for him but the black-and-

long desired a seat in the United States Senate. He made a race as a rampant radical in 1868, but nobody voted for him but the black-andtan and the worst elements of the Bullock forces. He was ingloriously left. He hankered after the coveted place. He longed for it. He had worked for tunder every conceivable arrangement, but it was no go before the people. Blaine knew that Gordon wanted to improve his private fortunes. Blaine desired to break Grant's and Sherman's hold in Georgia, and when the thing was ripe, Brown turned up in theisenstending the delegates against Grant's six in the Epublican Convention, and Field secured the control of a solid delegation of Democrats to

control of a solid delegation of Democrats to Cincinnati.

Biaine made Garfield the nomines, and Field retired on his honors. The trading Southern Democratis got all the Southern Federal offices. Certain newspapers got rich, and everything was lovely until the thing leaked out in Georgia and now Senator Brown and ex-Senator Gordon are fighting the fight over again. Can The Sun throw any light on the affair? Is it true that Biaine is now reaching out again toward the South?

The situation may be described as stormy, and likely to be cyclonic in the near future.

Georgia.

Is This a Bift in the Solid South !- One Beenle of Mr. Cleveland's Polley.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 26 .- Has it come at ength? It looks very much that way. The practical solidity of the South in its support of the Democratic party cannot last much longer Although partaking largely of personal bitter. ness, the flerce campaign for Governor of this State between Major Bacon and Gen. Gordon has its origin deeper down than any mere passing spasm of rivalry. It is a sign of the times that are coming upon us, and, in the light of this evident truth, double significance is to be attached to Gen. Gordon's threat to boit the ticket if he falls in securing the regular nomination of the party, and to appeal to the people on an independent platform. That would mean the practical disintegration of the party in this State; for no one can deny that Gordon would draw a strong element with him-so strong that, with the assistance of the usual malcontents, independents, and regular Republicans, should they unite in his support, he would stand an even chance of

carrying the State.

In fact, the condition of the South, from the political point of view, has been abnormal for the past ten years. The reconstruction epoch, from 1856 until the final emancipation in 1876. solid r united the Southern people in a suprome effort to throw off the yoke of the carpet-baggers, scalawags, and ignorant negro dupes, which weighed like an incubus upon the industry and social life of the land. The strugg e was only remotely related to any political principle. Very few cared a straw about the subiler differences between the Democratic and depublican parties; the people only knew that, as matters stood the Republican party that, as maters stood the republican party was upholding a reign of corruption, tyranny, and inwisesness, and that the Democratic party was ranged upon their side in the light for freedom. Consequently, the people threw themselves heart and soul into the Democratic party, without reference to any abstract opinions they might hold; and since 1876, with the exception of Virginia, the South has voted as a unit for the Democratic ticket. party, without reference to any abstract optutions they might hod; and since 1876, with the
exception of Virginia, the South has voted as a
unit for the Democratic ticket.

Those who are making up the slates for the
next Presidential election are counting chickens before they are hatched when they calculate the solid Southern vote on the Democratic
side. I am a life-long Democrat, and expect to
remain one so long as the party holds to the
sound principles of Jefferson and the fathers.
But there is no use in brieding one's eyes to
patent facts, and a careful study of the drift of
politics and the feeling of the people in the
South has convinced me that for the past few
years there has been a gradual change in sentiment. Nowhere in the South can the old einthusiasm of 1876 be evoked. Then it was almost treason to whisper a word against the
Democratic party; now men openly tak of the
rings that are forming, or are formed, and seriously discuss the advisability of smishing the
"machine." The terror of negro and carpetharger domination has faded into a dimiy-remembered past, a new generation is growing
up, natural divisions of opinion on the principles of government are coming into freer pay,
and the old Whigs see no further necessity for
sinking their ideas to secure a good no longer
menaed.

These causes supply the secret springs of ac-

menaced.

These causes supply the secret springs of action to the fast gathering revolt against the dominant Democracy. Some of the stanchest Democrate, too, are complaining that a favored class of officeholders absorb all the good places.

in neglect of the time-honored principle, rotation in office. The most emphatic sick against this supposed wrong has been the recent farmers' convention in the neighboring State of South Carolina. It is now a foregons conclusion that the farmers intend to put a ticket in the fleid, and it would not surprise me if they aucessed in defeating the regular Desnocratic South Carolina. It is now a foregons conclusion that the farmers intend to put a ticket in the fleid, and it would not surprise me in the part of the States contemplate opposing the national Democratic party. But it may come to that, When the Democratic opposing the national Democratic party. But it may come to that, When the Democratic party. But it may come to that, When the Democratic opposing the national Democratic party. The surprise of the party in the South looked for him to attempt the its hand. Leading statesmen, like Senator Vance of North Carolina and Senator Eustis of Louisiana, roughly but honestly axpressed the sentiments of the party. The other leaders think as they do, but they have judged it inexpedient to speak out. But all of them know that there are profound elements of danger in the situation, and that the citizen them to the sentiments of the party. The service reform polecy of Min moved and has enormalized the sentiments of the party and the service reform polecy of the matural and its expectation on the part of the Southern people that after they had borne the brunt of the battle so long, after they had suffered so much for the success of the party, they would be freed from the last fetters of the hated reconstruction snoch in the shape of Federal offices whom the preceding Republican Administrations forced upon them, it may not be gonerally known, but it is a fact, that most of the Federal offices in the service reformed the service reformed the service reformed the service reformed the service of the party they have filled their offices of trust under the Federal Government with honesty and faithfulness, knowing that it was t

be a "civil service reformer."

SCUP ARE SCARCE.

The Greed of the Fishermen is so Great that the Fish Can't Stand It.

NEW LONDON, May 28 .- The word has gone along shore that "scup" are scarce. Few fishermen have had any luck catching them this season, and there is gloom in fo'castle and fish market in Rhode Island and Connecticut, Scup is the Rhode Island name of the fish that elsewhere is known as the porgle. Ithode Island is its home. The waters off its long, straight ocean beaches usually team with porgles each season. but this year not enough fish have been taken to pay for repairing the rents that the sweeping easterly storms have torn in the long traps are worshipped in Rhode Island-scups, quahaugs, and white-corn johnny cakes-and the adoration of the fishermen is greater for scups than for the last two. So it is with consternation that Rhoda Islanders see their favorite fish disappearing from the ocean. They are reluctant to admit that it is the greed of the fishtire seaconst with their meshed snares, so that they may take fish, not in hundreds, but in hundreds of barrels, that has thinned the mammoth porgie shoals that used to rush on the New England coast each May. They beguite their consciences with delusive hope,

"Yes, we know scup is bound to be skurse this year; but scup, ye know, allus wus a queer Ye see, they don't like easterly weather One easterly storm will drive the hull lot out to sea for good. But they'll be back agin next year, never ye fear, thicker'n ever."

So each year the porgie fishermen hope on. Nextyear is going to bring the fish back in innumerable ranks; but they don't come. So
pientful were porgies thirty or lorty years ago
that men who carted them in fish wagons into
the country sold them two or three for a cent,
or at the rate of 37's cents a bundred pounds.
They are sold at retail now for eight or ten
cents a pound, and frequently there is none in
the market. Thirty years ago every farmer
who dwelt within twenty-five miles of the coast
—in Connecticut and libode Island—had porgies for breakfast, dinner, and supper such day
in May. At the rate of two porgies for a cent,
it was thought cheaper to eat than to starve.

The method of taxing porgies at that time
was crude and primitive, but the fishermen
caught chough for the neople; the method now
in vogue is despoiling the ocean, and wise fishormen say that, unless stringent protective
laws in the interest of American fishermen are
enacted, many of the most valuable fish will be
exterminated. With their great traps and
pounds fishermen, whenever they strike a good
run of luck, capture hundred they strike a good
run of luck, capture hundred they strike a good
run of luck, capture hundred they strike a good
run of luck, capture but not disposed from
that the guited many different dovices for catching
of the first of the strike of the strike a good
run of luck, capture is a catching to be such for fertilizing seaside farms.
There os, and the long, oceans went beach from
Vatch, Hill to Point Judith, or the eastern
shore of thode Island, is the best place to visit
if one wishes to see how fish are caught by
linear measure, half a mile of fish at a hanl.
The porgie scason usually begins about the
last week in April, and continues until the early
part of Juhn. Each year not less
than twenty companies of fishermen are
engaged in the porgie grounds off that point have the
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GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Pack Peddler's Adventure in the House of

"I have been a pack peddler for more than twenty years." said the old man, as he whiffed way at his pipe to get it alight, "and you may suppose I have met with some stirring adventures. I have travelled a great deal in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota, and for weeks and months I have been on the alert, not only to preserve the contents of my pack, but to defend my life. My line of trade ins been Yankee notions, with jewelry added. I have had with me at one time as much as 12,000 worth of gold and silver watches, ear rings, finger rings, &c. I have sat on a log beside a highway in Kansas and sold \$400 worth of stock to three or four men, and I have disposed of \$50 worth of tadies' jewelry at a ploneer cabin which had neither floors nor "On two different occasions I ate dinner at

the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas flend. On saw only two women about the place. Six

drew back, and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner a double-barrelled shotgun stood in a corner of the office. When I came out it was gone. The cld man came in after a while, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was rendy to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and it suddealy struck me that the younger man had gone on to lie in ambush and shoot me in case I secaped assassination at the house. For a minute or two I quite lost my sand, and you can judgs what a relief it was to me to see a team drivo up with three men in the vehicle and room for one more. They stopped to water the horses and chat a few moments, and readily gave me a lift on my way. I did not impart my suspicions to them, and it was not until the horrible stories came out that I felt sure in my own mind what a close call I had had.

"Do I know what became of old Bender and his family? You remember that they fied the country, or that the papers so reported, and for months we used to hear from one locality and another of the furitives being seen or captured. I have reason to believe they never got out of the State, nor yet a hundred miles from that lone tavern on the prairie, with its horrible ceilar underneath and its graveyard in the rear. Bands of men were riding in this or that direction, bent on vengeance, and one of these overhauled the party. I have been to dthis on the best authority. As Bender had shown no mercy toward the unsuspecting travellers who were shot in the back from that kitchen door as they are at his table, none was shown to him er his. They were wiped out and landed where their bones will never be turned up to the light of day."

Two Shots la the Night.

"I have also been a pack peddler for years," said the mon who had a decided limp in his gait, and who seemed to be about 45 years old, "and I have had my fair share of adventures with the rest of the fraternity. For years I have travelled in Tennessee, the Carolinus, and Georgia, and my line of goods has been cutlery. I have sometimes carried pins. needles, and thread, but more as an accommo-dation than from any hope of profit. My line

needles, and thread, but more as an accommodation than from any hope of profit. My line includes razors, shears, selssors, pocket knives, table knives, and forks. Sometimes I add a few sheath knives, which are bought by lawless characters, and sometimes I omit them, according to the route I have laid out.

On two or three occasions my life has been put in peril by the capality of others, but the closest shave I ever had was in the mountains of Fennessee, about fifty miles from knoxylise. I had sold my stock pretty well down, and had about £300 with me, when, one afterneon an hour before sunset, the approach of a terrific thunderstorm drove me to seek the shelter of a roadside cable. It was a lonely place, on a lonely mountain road, and the time was in 1867. Whils the war had long been over, as of course you know, there was a good deal of bit terness among the mountainers of Tennessee, and there were a great many men who had not yet settled down to anything like work. As I was not in the war on either side, and am English born. I got along very well with the firewarters; but the fact was every day before me that there were plenty of lawless characters, both Union and rebel, who wouldn't hesitate to put me out of the way for what my pack contained, no matter what principles I unbeld. But for the coming storm I should have continued on for a couple of hours. I did not like the looks of the place. It was a story-and-a-half log house, situated several rods off the road, and there was senting in the house and its surroundings which made me hesitate to ask for hospitality. However, a July thunder storm was cresping up, covering the whole west with darkness, and the thunder was rolling and reverberating from hill to hill as I knocked on the casting of the open door. The voice of a woman hade me enter. She was a person at least 40 years old large and muscular, and her countennance was anything but prepossessing. It wore a sullen, sulky expression, and the gray eyes which sized me up had no gleam of womanly kindness in t

had to light a candle. The cabin had but one room below. In this was a bed, bureau, and other furniture, and the cooking was done in a fireplace. At one end of the fireplace a rough ladder led to the left above. The interior of the house was neither inviting nor repelling, but I certainly did not like the woman. It was all of twenty minutes after I sat down before she s, oke another word, and then it was to ask what my pack contained. I opened it in explanation, and told her I was on my way to Knoxville to replenish stock from goods ordered shipped to that point. I presented her with a common pair of shears, and there was a sudden change in her demeanor. She became smilling and talkative and, as the storm showed no sign of abating, she began to prevers supper, and observed that I must not think of continuing my journey before morning. Where I asked done question she asked live. She wanted to know where I was from, how much a stock of goods cost, whom I knew at Knoxville, and a great many other things. In return she told me that she was a widow, had a son 20 years oid, who had gone to mill, and that they had a hard time to make a living.

"While the change in her demeanor was aggeable in one sense. I could not get rid of the lefa that the change was forced. While her lips uttered pleasant words her eyes gave them the lie. We had a fair supper, during which she bore the burden of conversation, and it was then seen that I must remain through the night, while the thunder had passed away, the rain fell in a steady pour, and the night was se black as tar. She said the storm would delay her son, but that he was certain to be home before midnight. She cleared away the table, sat down with some sewing, and asked me so many things about the outside world that I knew she had some time lived in better circumstances and had been fairly well educated. She gradually led the conversation back to my vocation, and carelosely remarked, as she bent over her sewing:

"One in your vou wanted to part with your revolver perhaps my son

"The case of contact is a distance from a well as a contact is a strain of the contact is a strain of

of the Maxwell-Prelier case. The tale deals with a young man who was done to death in a strange room at a hotel, occupied by one Silas Senddamore, and goes on to describe the scene when Silas and a Dr. Noel are alone with the body and seeking to conceal the evidences of body and seeking to roncoat the evidences of the crime. It is there that the following pas-sage occurs, beginning with the Doctor speak-ing to Souddamore: "Your case is desperate upon that side, and for the narrow eye of the authorities you are infallibly the guilty person."

He turned toward the bed and proceeded to

for the narrow eye of the authorities you are infailibly the guilty person."

He turned toward the bed and proceeded to exemine the corpse.

"Quite dead," he murmured; "yes, as I had supposed, the peckols empty. Yes, and the name cut off of the shirt. I noted a little while ago that you have there in the corner one of these monstrous constructions which your tellow countrymen carry with them into all quarters of the globe—in a word, a Saratoga trunk. Until this moment I have never been able to conceive the utility of these erections, but now I begin to have a glimmer. One thing I see plainly—the object of such a box is to contents, which made a considerable litter upon the floor, and then—Silastaking the heels and the Doctor supporting the shoulders—the body of the murdered man was carried from the bed, and, after some difficulty, doubled up and inserted who e into the empty box. With an effort on the part of both, the lid was forced down upon this unusual bangage, and the trunk was locked and corded.

"Now," said the Doctor, "the first step has been taken on the way to your deliverance. Tomorrow, or rather to-day, it must be your take to allay the suspicious of the porter, naying him all that you owe."

The story then proceeds to describe the horror of Silas, alone in a hotel with the doad man in a trunk, and says:

"He slunk down to dinner about 7 at night; but the yellow coffee room appailed him, the eyes of the other diners seemed to rest on his with suspicion, and his mind romained up stairs with the Saratoga trunk. When the waiter came to offer him his cheese his nerves were already so much on edge that he leaped half way out of his chair and upset the remainder of a pint of ale upon the table coth."

"In reading this, one can see Maxwell furtively slipping into the Southern ordinary on that fateful Sunday night, talking wildly to the waiter. Arington, and flushly nervously pushing away the wine he cannot drink. It is an aimost perfect companion picture. The singular narallel is concluded in the descripti

There all night long, a proy to the most ter-rible imaginations, he watched beside the fatal boxful of dead flesh. Midnight had sounded some time when, impelled by uneasy sus-pleions, he opened his bedroom door and peer-ed into the passage. It was dimly lighted by a single jet of gas, and some distance off he per-ceived a man in the costume of a hotel under servant."

COLE SMITH'S DUTIES.

Weekly Tour Enlivened by Fights with PORT JERVIS, May 25 .- For a distance of

thirty miles between Huguenot, this county,

and Cochecton, Sullivan county, the Standard

Oil Company's pipe line and telegraph line run through an almost unbroken wilderness. Twice

a week Cole Smith, an employee of the come

pany, walks the entire distance to see that the pipe is in good condition, and that no leak in it shall be long unknown, and to make any repairs that may be necessary to the telegraph wire. His duties require him to be dened on his trips by many tools and implements. The journey is a lonely one, as the high barrens are inhabited by but few people, and they live long distances apart. The wildness and isolation of the region make it a favorite retreat for of the region make it a lavorite rotreat for bear, catamount, and other wild animals. Smith seldom goes the rounds of his long beat without meeting with opportunities for ad-venture that would amply satisfy the most reckiess and daring hunter. Smith is an old hunter and woodsman, but his load of articles that may be needed in his walk along the line obliges him to forego the pleasure of curring

SLOVINSKUS CRIME.

A Galvesion Murder that has Pentures Like the Maxwell-Preller Case.

The body of George Stroch was found in the bay at Galveston on Tuesday, and a case s thus developed that somewhat resembles the Maxwell-Proller case. According to a despatch to the St. Louis Republican, Stroch, a native of Poland, arrived in Galveston about a week ago en route to Europe to bring his family to his new-made home in Taylor, Texas. Street had evidently succeeded well in his struggle for wealth, as when he registered at the Atlanta House he exhibited quite a roll of money. Though past middle age, Stroch, under the influences of his propositive happiness in restoration to his family and the chance meeting with a brother loss. Anoine Sevinski, became not only convival but communicative. He told Stovinski his story, showed he money and ways external friendship. chance meeting with a brother lose. Antoine Scevinski, became not only convival but communicative. He told Slovinski his story, showed his money, and a worse eternal friendship. Sovinski was a pear wood chopper, but the season was over and he had been improvident. Stroch on last Saturialy night loanest him \$2 in public, and in an their journeys about town Stroch and his then insenarable companion. Sovinski, entered a barrel bouse kept by A. Zemer. They drank and separated. Stroch paying and again exposing his rod of bills.

At I delock the same evening Solvinski returned alone. He volunteered the information to Mr. Ziemer that he had become rich, he had inherited money, and thereupon he exhibited a roll of bills and some silver. Together Ziemer and Sovinski counted it. It amounted to £200. When questioned as to whom he had inherited it from, Slovinski said his friend. Ziemer thereupon charged him with robbing the bod man Stroch but Slovinski said his friend. Ziemer thereupon charged him with robbing the solutions of the saying that Stroch had given it to him to go to Europe and got his family. After Slovinski widnew Zeimer, with his worst suspicions aroused, followed him from place to place until finally, by inquiry, learning that Stroch had not returned home, he gave Slovinski in charge. Slovinski was taken to the straton, his money taken from him, and he was released to appear, and it was while the descrives were looking for him that the mutilated bedy of Stroch was fished out from the bay. There was 'a deep gash in the back of his neck, a contusion on his stomach, and his pockets were empty. Slovinski was stressed, and when brought into the room with the bedy exhibited the utmost trapleation, all the while pitcously pleading to be taken away. He was sailed on a charge of murder, a pending the two men Stroch was the physical superior. Stroch, though past his prime, was a magnificent specimen.